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Cover Image: Carla Soto demonstrating Venezuelan dance. See review on p.24. Photo: Allen Katz.

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On Potlucks

by Dorothy Archer

There is always lots of hooting and hollering at cafés as people accept or protest their turn to go to the buffet. It isn't fun to be last and it is less fun to find that, like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, the dishes are bare, or nearly so. Why? Do some people take too much? Or do some not bring enough? I was once told by a person who had attended many potlucks that one should bring enough for eight. That is eight servings, not eight tablespoons. So if the recipe says "Serves 4", double it. Presuming there will be enough food, the fun of a potluck is not knowing what will be there. Everyone, no doubt, has gone to a potluck of no salads or lasagne only. Remember the party at Marg Whelan's when there were five or six dishes with salmon - salmon sandwiches, salmon salad, salmon mousse. One evening there were few desserts but this was rectified at the next café when desserts abounded. So why not bring a dessert one time and a first course the other?

Preparing *Folk Dancer Online* is rather like a potluck – what to present to suit the tastes of the readers? There is a mixture in this issue and you can decide which course it is.

Rachel Gottesman, Stefania Miller, Olga Sandolowich and Carole and Nate Greenberg pay tribute to Hy Diamond who died November 25th. They mention dances associated with Hy; my favourite was Highlife not only for the fun of doing it but also for the energy and joy Hy put into it, as with anything he led. May he rest in peace. *Olav ha-Sholom*.

Sheryl Demetro and her sister, Lynn Morrison, are enthusiastic hikers and each year finds them hiking in some part of the world (although one year they fooled us by taking a cruise). Last year they were in northern Spain on *The Camino* and this is your chance to get a taste of the trail that so many think they would like to do except it seems so daunting.

Nancy Nies entertains with more stories of multiculturalism in Bakersfield, this time the Jewish sector. And even though the photo shows Paul (on the right) from an unusual perspective, you will recognize him by his enthusiasm for the dance. Here is the recipe for the Polish dish of liver and onions that Ruth Ostrower spoke so highly of in the October issue. As with any potluck, you can pass it up if it isn't to your liking, but I know there are those who will read it with glee. Andy Lipchak returns with a tale of his adventure learning Scottish Country dancing, and Carole Greenberg has written about the very popular Venezuelan café and there are photos so we can re-live it.

As usual, you can catch up with your friends and acquaintances in the Grapevine. This is the dessert. Get it? Grapes, Grapevine!

VIDEOS WORTH WATCHING

Street Dancing in Belgrade, Serbia 2010



Did you know that the OFDA website has a “Links” page containing interesting, informative, or amusing links related to dance? If you haven’t checked them out, here’s one to whet your interest:

Kitty Cohen Dancing in Negril at the age of 99!

Potluck Pointers

One of the highlights of folk dance events is the Potluck Supper, the tables generally holding a diverse and delicious array of dishes. In the interest of equal opportunity:

- to ensure that there’s adequate food to go around, plan for your dish to provide 8 servings.
- to help those who have allergies/sensitivities, ofda will provide FOOD ID Slips, which can be filled in when you bring your dishes, in order to alert people to things like nuts, dairy etc. Sometimes, it’s just nice to know what ingredients are in a dish, so feel free to use the FOOD ID slips to describe what you’ve brought.

Thank you to Olga Sandolowich for the donation to OFDA in December. “Celebrating and wishing SANDY (dancing) STARKMAN Happy 75th Birthday and many more.”



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Mayim and Mandelbrot at the Jewish Food Festival

by Nancy Nies

On a warm Sunday afternoon in October 2015, Paul and I attended Bakersfield's first-ever Jewish Food Festival, organized by the city's two Jewish congregations, Congregation B'nai Jacob and Temple Beth El. The joint effort kicked off the celebration of the 100th anniversary of B'nai Jacob and of over 150 years of Jewish presence here in Bakersfield, beginning with the town's founding.

On our arrival we received an informative brochure, defining terms relating to Jewish cuisine and culture. There was much food and drink to be sampled at the festival: brisket sandwiches with coleslaw and pickles, kosher hot dogs, falafel in pita, and latkes, as well as Israeli wines. Other food items were available for purchase to enjoy at home: matzo ball soup, kugel, and baked goods including homemade challah, mandelbrot and ruggelach. On offer, in addition to the food, were tours of the B'nai Jacob synagogue, art activities and games "for kids of all ages", and shopping for "all things Jewish" from vendors.

Last, but certainly not least for us, was the opportunity to do a bit of folk dancing. The Robinoff Duo, from Los Angeles, provided rousing klezmer music on keyboard and clarinet. A graceful young man named Hai, originally from Israel but currently a ballet dancer and dance instructor in Los Angeles, was on hand to lead Israeli folk dances. When the public was invited to participate, a small but enthusiastic group of us joined Hai in doing the Hora, Mayim, Tzadik Katamar, Ma Navu and other dances. The accompanying photo, with Paul at right, appeared in our local newspaper the next day.

This taste of Israeli folk dance (and delicious falafel) made us hungry for more, so we hope the Jewish Food Festival will become an annual Bakersfield event.



Photo: Felix Adamo, *The Bakersfield Californian*.

Remembering Hy Diamond

by Rachel Gottesman

The announcement of Hy's passing recently came through the OFDA email list.

I decided that instead of writing a few words for the benefit of his family, I would share my memories with the folk dance community, which is how I first crossed paths with him and where he was an important person for many years, both as a teacher, an organizer, a designer, and a person who made things happen.

As a friend, Hy was kind and generous, offering rides to rehearsals of the Settlement Dancers (which morphed into the Folkfest Dancers), and to folkdance camp. Together with Ernie Krehm and Henk van der Gaag, he was a leader in the University Settlement House recreation group, in Dancing in the park, and in the performance group, for many years. During the time I was a member of the performance group we danced at the Israeli pavilion during Caravan, and at public festivals at City Hall and North York, as well as private events. (Prior to my joining, and with a largely different cast of characters, the group reached its apex, dancing in the *Llangollen* International Musical Eisteddfod in Wales.) Hy also lead a folkdance group which met at several different venues over the years. I remember Temple Beth Sholom and the Workmen's Circle.

Hy also took a leading role in redesigning the logo and the cover of the magazine of the Ontario Folkdancer magazine, which was renamed Folk Dancer.

I know he took great pride in his children and grandchildren (and now he has a great-grandchild!). He always remained in good humor, despite the ups and downs in his life. It was hard to see him declining in the last few years.

I'm sure he would be happy to know that he is remembered with affection.



Hy Diamond and Mary Crow at the University Settlement Goup's 40th Anniversary Party, 1988.

Dancing with Hy

by Stefania Szlek Miller

The following article is reprinted from Ontario FolkDancer April 15, 1995.

After a hard week of slugging in academe and trying to make sense of wanton inhumanity and destruction (I am preparing an evening course on genocide), dancing with Hy Diamond on a Friday evening is a comforting way to unwind.

Hy's non-competitive and relaxed approach to folk dancing puts people at ease, especially when he deliberately stumbles on the dance floor and cajoles people to smile rather than worry about their feet. With many years of experience teaching at the University Settlement House and other groups, he has a wide repertoire of dances. He also maintains contacts with noted authorities such as Ernie Krehm about resurrecting dances that are no longer in the folk dance network. Hy's first love, however, remains Israeli folk dance, and at my request this was the focus of his March 24 workshop at the Hamilton International Folk Dance Club.

Combatting the trend of recent Israeli dances which are over-choreographed and set to music that is readily forgettable, Hy is committed to reteaching some of the old classics or developing his own choreography to traditional Jewish music. Last year, he taught us his version to a great piece of Klezmer music, Sha Der Rabbi Kimpt (Quiet the Rabbi's Coming) - a dance that has become a favourite in our group. The highlight of his most recent workshop was his rendition of a circle waltz to Sim Shalom (God Have Compassion on all Children), a beautiful and moving hymn. He also taught a very simple dance Ba'a Menucha which was in harmony with its tranquil theme of Peace in the Valley.

In contrast to the spiritual tone, Hy also reviewed the lively Ma Nisharli, the Bulgarian dance Sitno Zensko with its "ewe, ewe, ewes," and the Macedonian Male Mome. His reteaching of the American novelty dance Good Old Days degenerated into unintentional comic relief. Hy forgot how it goes and along with his partner, Joan Tressel, made it up as he went along. After the third revision, they finally got it but by then everyone was rolling on the floor with laughter. We ended the evening by returning to Ba'a Menucha and Sim Shalom. By then, my head was cleared, my body felt 20 years younger, and there was joy in my soul.



In memory of Hy Diamond, the Hamilton international folk dance club danced to "Romanian Medley," one of the dances Hy introduced to our group in 1988. At the same workshop, he and Gloria Mostyn showed us a very sensuous version of the "Royal Empress Tango". It is a fitting tribute to Hy that we will always remember him by dancing. Our deepest condolences to Hy's family. (Stefania Szlek Miller)+



Hy on the left, managing the music while Gordon FitzPatrick calls a dance at the University Settlement House 40th Anniversary Party, 1988.

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El Camino de Santiago de Compostela: Hiking the Way of St. James

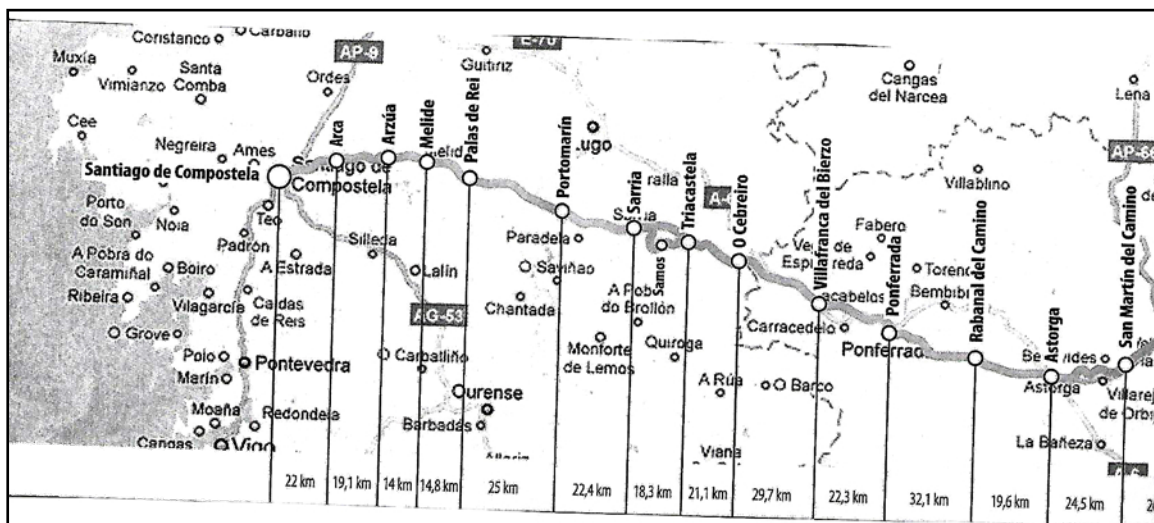
by Sheryl Demetro

A pilgrimage is undertaken for diverse reasons: it may be spiritual; in memory of a loved one; a personal challenge; to gain a fresh perspective on our journey through life.

April 15/15. From Madrid airport my sister, Lynn, and I flew the last leg of our journey to Santiago de Compostela (commonly known as Santiago) where we met up with our guide, Sheila. She gathered 16 of us together for a two-hour bus ride east to Ambasmestas. Since our final destination was Santiago, which is believed to be where the bones of the Apostle St. James are buried, we had to go east to begin our pilgrimage.

Our first night was at Centro de Turismo Rural Ambasmestas, a charming small hotel with lots of stone walls and wood beams, an appropriate rustic feeling and a friendly staff. At our first dinner we began to get acquainted with our fellow *peregrinos* (pilgrims). Sheila gave everyone a *credential* (passport). This contained a map of the route with the distance marked between each town and general information about what one might bring with him/her. We had it stamped along the route at cafés, churches, stores, etc. One presented this at the Pilgrim Office in Santiago in order to receive a *compostela*, (a certificate of completion) the criteria for which are that the pilgrim has collected at least two stamps per day and walked the last 100 km of *El Camino*, or 200 km by bike or on horseback.

April 16/15. After breakfast we left early by bus for O'Cebreiro (Oh-thay-bray-air-oh), our point of departure. It was raining and foggy with clouds hovering over the hills, the heavier ones dropping to the valley where we were. I read that when Spain entered the European Union it was given funds to build highways and other infrastructure. I have



to say they were in good repair and not too much traffic on them in this area. These particular motorways were built on high pillars so that when we came up from the valley, looking upwards they appeared rather space-like surrounded by sky and fog.

When the westerly winds hit the mountains of Galicia (Ga-lee-thee-ah) after 5,000 km of ocean the result is lots of rain, thunderstorms and fog which make for a very green environment quite reminiscent of Ireland. We disembarked at O'Cebreiro, donned our rain gear, and looked around this charming, mountain-top village located on the Galician side of the border with the province of León. It is famous for its primitive *pallozas* (circular huts with conical straw roofs which deflect the strong winds.)



Several fine examples of these dwellings remain.

The village church, Iglesia de Santa Maria Real, part of which dates from the 9th century, is the oldest surviving church associated with the pilgrim way. It is also the burial site of Don Elias Valiña San Pedro (1920-1989), the dedicated parish priest and scholar who is remembered with deep respect for devoting his life to *El Camino*. It was his idea to paint the yellow arrows on rocks and trees that mark the way for pilgrims. He was also instrumental in preserving the *palloza* architecture.



We purchased a scallop shell (the symbol of the *peregrino*) to strap on our backpacks, received our initial stamp and set out for the first peak called Alto de San Roque. Here there is a poignant statue of a lone *peregrino* from long ago, clutching his hat and leaning into the wind as he made his way. This isolated area is where pilgrims could be victimized by robbers in medieval days. A bit of downhill and another climb to Alto do Poio, the highest point of *El Camino* in Galicia.



Yellow arrows mark the way.

Lynn and I acted as “sweeps” for the day’s hike. The sweep stays near the end of the group to make sure no one gets lost. Sheila gave us a two-way radio to keep in touch with her. Occasionally the clouds parted so we could appreciate the beautiful green countryside and then we’d be surrounded again but a few clouds gently floated by at about nose level. As our group spread out we lost sight of the faster hikers and, in the fog, four of us at the rear veered off the trail and had to use the radio to be rescued.

There is a small bar at Alto do Poio where our lunch was sandwiches or homemade *caldo gallego* (a traditional soup of meat, potatoes, *grélo* (turnip tops) and beans, in this case lentils. It was served by a busy, good-natured fellow. There was also a small, cozy fireplace where we might have warmed up a bit but an elderly lady was sitting in front of it - she may have been our server’s mother but no one dared disturb her. There was a lot of downhill for the balance of the day and many wildflowers. We arrived at Triacastela and were transported to Sarria (another bit of back tracking), our home for the next two nights. Distance travelled: 21.2 km.

April 17/15 This morning our bus returned us to Triacastela (originally the site of three castles none of which remain, only an insignia on the town crest). The town contains the only pilgrim prison on *The Camino*, which needless to say is no longer in use. We hiked past it on our way to Alto de Riocabo, a 300-metre uphill, picturesque trail. Today I heard my first cuckoos that were not popping out of a clock. Near the end of our day we gradually descended on foot into the town of Sarria, with some time to explore. Distance travelled: 18 km.

April 18/15 As we left Sarria, we had a set of steep stairs to climb to visit the Convento de la Magdalena. This is home to the Order of Mercedarians (Order of Mercy). They apparently were less violent than other orders such as the Templars and Knights of St. James and sought simply to free captive Christians from the Moors. The custodian eventually unlocked its doors so that we could get a brief glance inside this historic building and record some memories.

Today’s section of our journey was very picturesque - idyllic countryside - forest and patches of farmland. Because Sarria is positioned near the 100 km mark we encountered more *peregrinos* and without fail acknowledged each other with *Buen Camino* or *Hola*. We passed a man at the side of the trail whom we thought had reached his own end of *El Camino*, although no one could comprehend just what he was saying. One of our group, Chris, took the time to try to understand what he wanted. She ascertained that he could not go any farther and wished desperately for someone to carry his staff to the Cathedral in Santiago, which Chris promised him she would do. This was truly a touching event and he was so grateful.

When we reached the 100 km marker each of us had our photo taken as encouragement to carry on to Santiago. Our destination was the picturesque village of Portomarin. We entered the town via a vast bridge over the Rio Miño only to be confronted by a very steep set of stairs to climb. In the 1960s when the river was dammed to create the Belesar Dam, the town was flooded. A new town was built on higher ground and most of the historic buildings and monuments were moved, brick by brick, to the new location. When the dam's water level is low the remains of the former town are visible. The Belesar Dam is the largest in Spain and one of the biggest in Europe. Distance travelled: 21.5 km

April 19/15 The day was cold and damp; someone said the temperature was only 3° C. A day off with a visit to Lugo, a UNESCO heritage site, with our enthusiastic guide, Sabbia. A well-preserved 35-foot Roman wall (at the highest point) surrounds the centre of the town. Within the walls there is the Cathedral St. Iago which still holds services, a baroque town hall and a large art museum. Lugo has expanded outside these walls over the centuries but they are inspiring to see. By walking



the upper perimeter of the wall one gets a good view of the town and surrounding area. We were fortunate to witness a celebration of Lugo's Roman origins with a parade of citizens of all ages recreating Roman times through attire, banners and fanfare. One child had his modern scooter proudly decorated as a chariot, to great effect. Sabbia told us that they take this celebration very seriously and you are not considered truly taking part in the celebration if you do not dress appropriately. The Lugo Provincial Museum



contains a beautiful collection of Roman artifacts, such as sundials of many designs and sizes; an 18th century Roman kitchen with a “*lareira*” (fireplace) of carved stone and masonry chimney; two large sinks had drains. This museum holds many collections of archeological art, pottery, ceramics and glass, plate collections, coins and medals, etc. We were disappointed when we ran out of time for further discovery.

For dinner we walked to nearby Santa Mariña, a restaurant and eco-farm where one also could camp, rent dune buggies or ride horses. Our jovial host welcomed us warmly to this new “rustic” building looking out over the Rio Miño. The wine we had with dinner was made from grapes grown on their premises and the general consensus was that the meal was the best we’d had to date. Our evening continued with the Galician *queimada* (ancient “fire drink” ritual) which dates back to Celtic times and is said to have been very popular with Galicia’s *meigas* (witches.) The lights were dimmed, our host said a few words and he then chose one member of our group to continue the ceremony by reading an incantation or purification spell while stirring a clay pot containing *orujo* (a local liquor made from the skins of grapes, lemon, sugar and coffee beans.) Co-ordinating the reading, stirring the *orujo* and holding on to a tall hat all at the same time was difficult in the dimly lit environment and was quite entertaining and funny. We all got to taste this exotic brew and as the hour was late, we were transported back to our hotel in dune buggies. What an end to a glorious day. We were getting to know our fellow hikers and starting to appreciate what a truly friendly and caring group we were.

April 20/15. A long day. Foggy again as we began our day but later it brightened up and was beautiful with a pleasant breeze. We passed eucalyptus tree plantations, some younger trees and some more mature which are very tall. We passed many green fields and rich soil ready for planting, although lots of gardens were already well on their way. We met more pilgrims today, some from Canada, Germany, and Spain, of course. There was a quartet of young Japanese with earphones and even some cyclists. Up to this point in our travels the small villages we passed through had had slate roofs. Due to the abundance of slate in this area, the large pieces were also used to build attractive fences along the trail. It was not unusual to see a house vacant and unattended, but next door would be a neat, well-kept home with a car in front. What contrast. At last we reached our day’s destination at Palas de Rei. Distance travelled: 24 km.

April 21/15. The sky was a beautiful blue today. The trail followed a dirt track under a canopy of trees and was quite pleasant. Our goal today was Casteñada. Passing through the prosperous town of Melide, we visited St. Julian’s Church, a 12th century Romanesque building. We had our passports stamped and put a small donation into the candle



box. At this juncture the house roofs are now made from tiles. The only dancing reference in this article is the statue of The Dancing Pilgrims. Legend is that the pilgrims were so happy to be getting close to Santiago that they danced in the streets. I thought it was beautiful. Here the other pilgrim trails merge with the French Way/ *Camino Francés*, which was the trail our group had been following, and we were likely to meet many more pilgrims. Melide is in the centre of Galicia and dates back about 4,000 years. We had lunch at the busy Ezequel Pulperio (*el pulpo* is octopus) and some of our group had their first taste of *el pulpo*, sprinkled with Spanish paprika and drizzled with olive oil. One picks it up with toothpicks to enjoy. Lynn and I were not quite brave enough to try it today and had some later on in our trip.

We continued on to Arzúa. The terrain was undulating and beautiful and there were more eucalyptus trees. We were informed that they were brought to Spain in the 19th century and are being cultivated in place of the native oak because they are faster growing. Some people are not happy about this and consider it a somewhat short-sighted change. The trees are left to grow for about 15 years then harvested and used for pulp, firewood and office furniture. I read that in these eucalyptus forests there is limited plant and animal life. Birds find little in this environment to eat and the tree has a sticky gum that can clog a bird's throat. An oak forest develops slowly eventually creating a miniature ecosystem. Eucalyptus also shed their bark in long, lengthwise strips that fall onto the trail. I noticed that I and others in our group were experiencing the sniffles as we hiked along and which would stop when we arrived at our hotels. I wondered if being in these areas where the eucalyptus grow (and they were everywhere) was clearing our sinuses and we didn't realize it - eucalyptus is not just for making furniture.

Farmers were preparing their fields. Every home and farm seemed to have a dog, but hardly any of them barked at us; they must be used to the pedestrian traffic. We got our passports stamped at restaurants or small coffee bars along the way. We grew very fond of *café con leche* (coffee with whipped milk); it was so delicious. One can also enjoy the tasty *tarte de Santiago*, which is almond cake dusted with icing sugar around the impression of the Cross of Santiago. One enterprising young man had a roadside stand and to our *credential* stamp he added a special touch. He melted a wax stick and placed a dab next to the stamp and

pressed it down with a tool. He had a small donation box for paralympic fund raising. He explained to us that he'd won a medal in shotput at the last Olympics (and perhaps weightlifting also). He was Romanian and showed us his prosthetic lower leg and foot. He had photos of himself in training. We enjoyed speaking with him, contributed to his fund and wished him luck. Later we came across a roadside stand, unattended, with potable water, nuts, fruits, coffee in a carafe, and a posted sign stating the cost for the various items. One could also stamp a passport here. What a thoughtful and trusting person, in keeping with the spirit of *El Camino*.

Arriving in Casteñada, our reward for today's long, beautiful walk was our accommodation at Pazo de Sedor, a 17th century stone *pazo* (country house) which had been converted to a guesthouse. We were just barely in the front door when the skies opened up and heavy rain and hail pelted down. Dinner was excellent and our server, of indeterminate age, served single-handedly a delicious multi-course dinner to 20 people efficiently and with grace. Near the beginning of our journey on *El Camino*, Sheila informed us that people like us were called Gucci pilgrims because we stayed in hotels and were doing only 150 km of the Camino. That's okay with me. Distance travelled : 23km.

April 22/15. Another day of leisure and rain. We were off to a cooking class with Chef Javier, owner, with his wife, of O Muiño de Pena, a tranquil rural restaurant and inn located within a restored water mill on the banks of the Rio Mera. We prepared our meal at a nearby restaurant kitchen and it was transported so we could enjoy it at their inn. Javier had us in groups doing various preparations: slicing cooked ham which was then sprinkled with Spanish paprika and olive oil; cooking octopus to be put into a large *empañada* with peppers and onions; chopping more of the ham for croquettes, which were prepared in assembly line fashion; chopping the ingredients for a large salad, and preparing a delicious dessert of bread pudding with caramelized sauce. We did a pretty good job of preparing and eating this lovely meal accompanied by delicious Galician wines.

April 23/15. On this cool, sunny day we left Casteñada on our way to Rúa. We passed many more *peregrinos* today. There were also three roadside memorials to people who had died on their journey. We passed through tranquil villages with names such as Xen, Ras and Brea; hiked along wooded paths with many planned eucalyptus growth areas and saw beautiful wisteria tumbling from roofs and over stone fences. Tomorrow we reach Santiago! They are forecasting rain and thunderstorms. Hoping they're wrong. Distance travelled: 24 km.

April 24/15. After our first bacon and eggs breakfast so far, we started out in the rain well-fortified. It's hard to believe we're finally close to our goal. The rolling terrain took us past Lavacolla, where medieval pilgrims



Monument at Monte del Gozo.

traditionally bathed in the river to cleanse themselves before arriving in the Holy City. On the outskirts of Santiago we ascended the Monte del Gozo (Mount of Joy) to see the monument erected to commemorate the visit to Santiago of Pope John Paul II in 1993, the only pope to have done so. Its four sculpted sides show various meaningful images of this event. 1993 was also the year Santiago was declared a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

We began the walk through the city with the Cathedral spires in the distance. We finally entered through the arches into Obradoiro Square and our first view of the magnificent Cathedral de Santiago. A large portion of the Cathedral was encased in scaffolding and blue protective wrap (to perhaps protect the workers from the rain?). To aid one's imagination as to how the structure

would look once it was renewed, there was a life-size photo of the new look put on top of a portion of the centre part of the Cathedral.

After congratulating each other on our accomplishment, taking time for reflection and a few photos, we proceeded to the Pilgrim Office to receive our *compostela*. One of our group later related an anecdote told to her by an official in this office: He had refused to issue a *compostela* to a woman who arrived in high heels because he didn't believe she had actually made the journey. Chris fulfilled her promise and left the pilgrim's staff with a collection of many others in a special corner at the Pilgrim Office. Distance travelled: 19 km.

Our hotel was ultra modern - the wall of the shower adjacent to the door of our room was clear glass. There was a screen that could be pulled down but ours wouldn't cooperate; we sort of got used to it. To make up for the shower, the lunch room cum lounge was open 24 hours and one could get as much *cafe con leche* as one wished or some fresh fruit. Even though it was a machine, one could see the whole coffee beans in a clear dome on top of the



Cathedral de Santiago.

machine and it made a loud noise when grinding to produce a great cup of coffee.

April 25/15. We explored Santiago's Old Quarter with our knowledgeable guide Christina who walked us through its narrow streets and brought to life the vibrancy, history and magic of this city. We ended our tour in time for the noon pilgrims' mass in the Cathedral where we hoped to see the ceremony of the *botafumeiro* (the giant incensory swung by several priests so that it reaches a trajectory high above the nave.) Christina told us that in the early days *El Camino* pilgrims were allowed to stay overnight in the upper balconies of the Cathedral and they didn't have the luxury of showers like we do today, so the incensory helped to freshen the air. She also intimated that this ceremony is presented with financial contributions from the tour companies. It was really quite an experience and the historical Cathedral was packed.

Our last group dinner was held at the award winning restaurant O Curro da Parra. So far our dinners had been quite delicious but every course was the size of a full course. This evening's meal was superb and the multiple courses were of reasonable proportions. As befits a last meal together, sentiments were evident: Jean rose to read a poem by Antonio Machado:

Wanderer, there is no road
The road is made by walking
By walking, one makes the road
And, upon glancing back, one sees
The path that will never be trod again.

Then Maureen, who has had a profound hearing problem since she was young, stood up and spoke with heartfelt emotion to thank us for making her feel included in the group discussions and fun. We asked our server to give our compliments to the chef and he said we could do so on our way out as the kitchen is out in the open like they are in Greek restaurants in Toronto. A fitting last dinner with our group. If you ever visit Santiago, I would highly recommend it for a meal.

April 26/15. Our last day before we leave for home and we started out by bus to go to the "end of the earth", or Finisterre (*Fisterra* in Galega). In Roman and Celtic times this was the end of the known world. This is also the final destination for many pilgrims and an additional 90 km from Santiago. On this sunny day our guide, Christina, gave us some history of the areas on this gorgeous drive past fishing villages, rugged cliffs and sandy beaches. We stopped in the postcard fishing village of Muros. My favourite spot here was a statue of an older woman wrapped up in a blanket and looking out over the water waiting for news of her loved ones after a disaster at sea. At Carnota there is Spain's largest *horreo* (corn crib). It is made of concrete, is 35 feet long by about five

to six feet wide with narrow horizontal openings for air circulation. It is supported on 22 pedestals each one with an overhanging top to prevent rats and rain from getting inside and eating or rotting the winter supply of corn. The contents of this *horreo* were part of the tithes to the church and the priest shared them with the poorer families in the village. Along *El Camino* we saw *horreros* made of different materials in the yards of homes where the family would have their own smaller version. In the town of Cee we stopped for a delicious lunch of fresh seafood - *el pulpo*, squid croquettes (they were delicious) and small roasted green peppers, amongst other tasty dishes. And, of course, lots of wine to accompany the meal.

Back on the bus to our destination of Finisterre, the Atlantic Ocean sent waves up to the cliffs. We walked around and saw the “boot” sculpture that represents the custom of leaving boots, clothing, etc., in the fire pit. Jean left a copy of her poem. Fittingly, this is the site of the 0 km marker and many memories were captured here.



April 27/15. Early departure for home after our last breakfast. Adios Galicia! Galicia is a lovely part of Spain and well worth the visit. I know I would like to return.

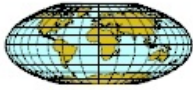
Many thanks to Lynn for her assistance with memories from our trip.



Sheryl (left) and her sister Lynn Morrison.

[Link to Jim Gold's website.](#)

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Approval from Above

by Andrew Lipchak



**Susan & Andy Lipchak
at the Tartan Ball**

*Reprinted, with permission,
from Set & Link : the Toronto
[RSCDS] Association Newsletter,
March 2013..*

"I'm getting dizzy," Susan Lipchak gasped as she swirled around the dance floor. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted her husband careening across another part of the room. They both felt like satellites shooting into orbit. "What did we get ourselves into?" Andy wondered as they skimmed past each other.

The intricate movements, quick tempos, and complicated footwork were straining every muscle in their late-middle-aged bodies. "I'm not even Scottish," Andy thought, hoping his Carpathian ancestors were not gazing down on him. "And why are all these men wearing skirts?"

It was their first evening of Scottish Country Dancing. Andy remembered those first classes as they drove to the 50th Tartan Ball. Over time, they had learned the intricacies of the dances. "I finally figured out that jigs and reels are fast and strathspeys are slow," Andy said confidently. He admitted that he especially enjoyed the promiscuity inherent in the dances. There were intense but fleeting relationships with women as they spun out of arm's reach. Andy learned that he could increase the chances of body contact if he zigged instead of zagged. Starting a right shoulder reel on the left led to many interesting encounters. He also grew adept at deflecting criticism of his frequent missteps. "Well, I'm doing the original version of this dance from 1723," he would offer in explanation. He was also sometimes surprised when at the end of a dance he was facing a different woman, having somehow lost his original partner along the way. Fortunately, at the end of the evening, his wife of 40 years retrieved him and forgave his indiscretions.

At balls and Burns' Suppers, he learned to savour fine Scottish cuisine. Where else could he find such a tasty mixture of oats and sheep's heart, liver, and lungs gently simmered in the animal's stomach? It reminded him of the stomach-challenging Carpathian delicacies he ate as a child. He soon learned a fine single malt could enjoyably dull the palate when necessary.

Susan is half Scottish and chose a traditional outfit for the Tartan Ball. Loyal to his own ethnic roots, Andy refused to wear a kilt. He chose a tuxedo garnished with a tartan bow tie and cummerbund. Only later was he told that the tartan he wore around his neck differed from the one around his waistband — even worse — the two clans they represented had been feuding for generations. It was a bad omen. Later that evening, a friend asked him if he knew he was the only man at the Tartan Ball wearing pants.

But all the worries faded away as the dancing began. Somehow, the classes they attended paid off, and there were only minor mishaps when their feet refused to move as intended. The Tartan Ball dances were alternately exhilarating and graceful, and the dancers glowed in their finery. There was warmth and happiness as friendships were renewed or made. Andy felt like the last of the lairds and there was none so pretty as his wife.

As the dancing ended early in the morning, he felt his ancestors were looking down and smiling.



Scottish country dance is the traditional dance of Scotland. It's based on ancient folk dances, mixed with elements of ballet, influences from the Royal court of France, and some overlap with Highland dancing

There are many weekly classes, workshops and parties, with the biggest annual event in Toronto being the Tartan Ball. The 53rd Tartan Ball will be held on February 20, 2016 at the Fairmount Royal York in Toronto. This annual event is presented by the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society (RSCDS) Toronto. Info: www.dancescottish.ca

OFDA Venezuelan Café

by Carole Greenberg

November 28th found the usual suspects at the usual place with their usual delectable offerings for dinner. The occasion was the Venezuelan Café with guest teacher, Carla Soto, who came to Canada from Venezuela in 2011. She is from a Cuban-Spanish musical family and is a flamenco dancer, a Spanish teacher and the artistic director of the non-profit “Sentir Venezuela Dance Group”. Carla co-founded the group in 2014 to express, promote and encourage interest in Venezuelan customs and traditions in Canada through Venezuelan folk dance.

Before the teaching session Carla performed a beautiful dance, dressed in a lovely costume with a full circle skirt, banded in white at the bottom, which moved in graceful sweeping patterns as she used arm motions to create the undulating effect. With foot stomping and rhythmic hand clapping the dance had a definite flamenco feel for me. She then invited us to the floor and taught Son Joropo, the Venezuelan national couple dance which includes Spanish, African and indigenous influences and translates as ‘party’. The name has now come to mean a type of music and dance that identifies Venezuelans. Carla was accompanied by Giovanna Galuppo singing the melody, while her *cuatro*, a small guitar so named for the number of strings, provided the rhythmic, sharp percussion effect. We also did Calypso, brought to Venezuela in the 19th century by Trinidadians and other Caribbean Islanders who came to work in the gold mines. It is closely associated with the Carnival Festival.



Photos: Allen Katz.

We were treated to hear Giovanna’s rendition of Caballo Viejo (Old Horse), composed by Simon Diaz and considered one of the most important folk songs of Venezuela.

After the teaching session it was back to the familiar request dances for the rest of the evening. A lucky draw was held, with the winner announced by Rita Winkler. Judy Deri was happy to receive her gift card.

We were all pleased to hear that the OFDA New Year’s Eve party would be held at the beautiful home of Riki and Stav Adivi. At the end of an event it’s always good news to know there’s another one coming!



New Year's Eve Party – 2015



Photo: Allen Katz.



Photo: Bev Sidney.



Photo: Allen Katz.



Photo: Allen Katz.



Photo: Allen Katz.

Near to 65 people brought in the New Year at Riki and Stav's home in King. The dancing was great, the potluck buffet was superb, the weather behaved and everyone celebrated heartily.



Photo: Judith Cohen.



Photo: Bev Sidney.

Watrobka z Cebulka i Jabłkami (Liver with Onions and Apples)

Submitted by Ada Dziewanowska to *Ontario Folk Dancer Cookbook* vol. II



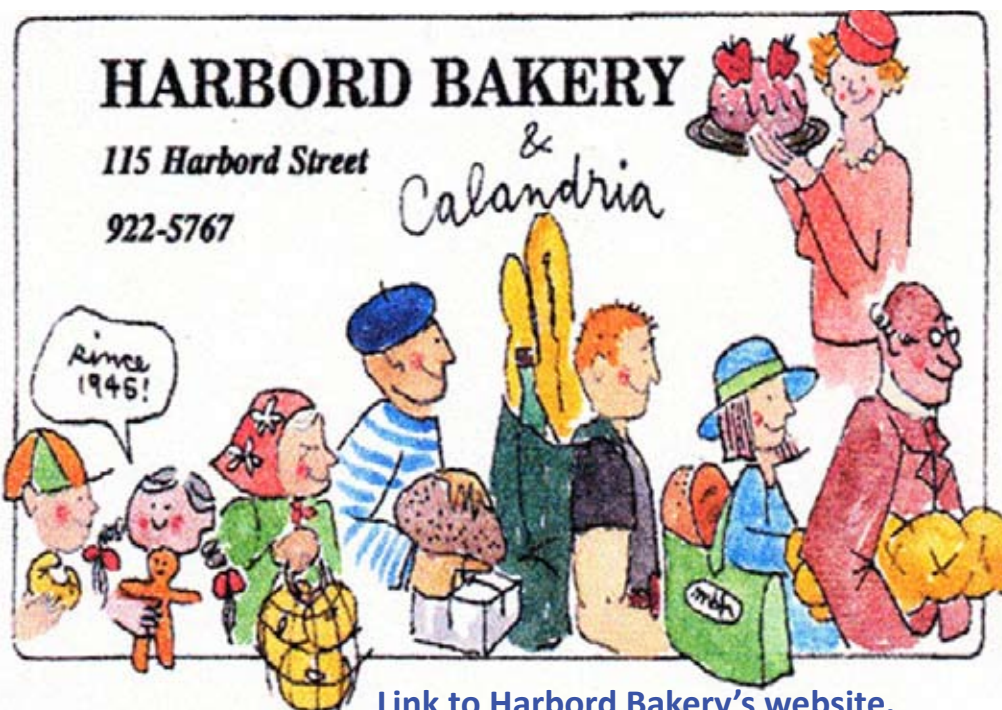
1 lb. calf or beef liver
2 medium onions, sliced
1 small apple, sliced

2 tblsp. butter
salt and pepper

1. In a big frying pan, sauté the sliced onions in butter until soft and light brown. Add the sliced apple and cook slowly, covered, for 5 to 10 minutes. Blend onions and apple into a soft mixture and remove temporarily from the frying pan.
2. Add a little butter to the frying pan and fry liver slices on one side for 2 to 3 minutes. Season with salt and a little pepper.
3. Turn the liver slices over, pour the onion-apple mixture over them, cover the pan and remove from the heat. In a few minutes, the dish is ready to be served. Serves 3 to 4 persons.



Kitchen tested by Ruth Ostrower.



[Link to Harbord Bakery's website.](#)



The Grapevine

Carl Toushan has had some heart issues and has had angioplasty and a stent insertion. He's back home and recovering well. Al Gladstone also had a stent insertion and will be going back to the hospital early in February for a TAVI procedure to repair a heart valve. Meanwhile, he is in good spirits.



Photo: Allen Katz.

*Patricia and Conrad Stenton
at Waterloo Camp, 2015.*

Patricia Stenton closed her ballet school in Midland this year after 32 years. She danced professionally in Germany, Belgium and France before coming to Canada and opening the school. Patricia was also in the news recently as one of the winners of the inaugural Culture Midland Awards.

With the encouragement of Claire McCausland, who recently moved to the area, Patricia began folk dance classes in Midland on the afternoon of December 29th. Patricia writes: "We had 15 people for part of the time and 9 for the whole time. The 6 were a group of kids from an art camp in the same building that joined us for a bit. Claire was there and enjoyed herself. Those who came did indeed have fun. One was a teacher who would love some help in doing this with her school kids, which I promised to provide. One visiting from Montreal, a musician, is interested in dances they could accompany with singing. So lots of good energy from this little experiment. We'll have another event like this in March, and hopefully more frequently after that."

Murray Forbes writes, "We are on our way to Prague to attend a Greek workshop with Keriakos Moisidos. Naturally we are not doing this in any way that could be classified as normal. We found a cheap direct flight from Madrid to Kraków which is near enough for us. Besides we have never seen Kraków. Then we sort of take a bus to Cieszyn on the border with Czech Republic, walk across this and take a train to Prague. On the way back we spend a few days in Wrocław. In October we attended a workshop in Basque country given by a young Greek man of Thracian dances which we enjoyed very much."

Naomi Fromstein and Efrim Boritz were travelling again in 2015 but for a longer time than usual. Efrim combines travel with his academic work and had time for visits to Bali and Tasmania before landing in Brisbane for two weeks. This was followed by a two week tour of Vietnam, ending with an international conference in Hanoi.



The day after hosting the New Year's Eve party, Riki and Stav left for a two-week holiday in Israel.

Congratulations to Kitty Cohen, who recently had her 103rd birthday and to Cecille Ratney who celebrated her 99th. Both ladies are still dancing! A relative baby, Sandy Starkman marked 75 years in December; many more happy birthdays in your future, too, Sandy!

Another well-loved centarian, Jean McAdam turned 101 on Jan. 14th. Sadly, she passed away a few days after. Olga Sandolowich writes that "Jean's last visit to the Friday morning folk dance class with Olga was May 29th, 2015. She was amazing."

We're putting a new face on the OFDA website. Helen Winkler, OFDA's web maintenance maestra, has been busy working at it, with the assistance of web designer Dee Casey (Bev Sidney's niece, who kindly donated her services to the project). We hope you'll find it attractive and easy to navigate.

Gemma Rosario, who helps at the cafés, took part in folk dancing from the Phillipines at a party for her mother's 80th birthday.



Photo: Allen Katz.



Thanks to
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Christine Chatten
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to the OFDA!